On The Arm Of The Old Arm Chair.

Words by BOBBY HEATH.

Music by ARTHUR LANGE.

My girl lives in the country,
She's just an old fashioned girl,
That tells not a thing that she hears,
She's old and slow,
That's why I go down there to her wise,
For years he's heard them spoon in the

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In the cottage where we sit and spoon in the parlor, Where
same old room. The first time I went a-calling, I

we had a friend you know well, He had four legs and he
sat in that chair all alone, Then right away I could

had two arms, If you can't guess I will tell,
hear him say: If you can't spoon please go home,

Grandma loved it Grandpa loved it, Gee! but aint it swell.
Get some girlie, start in early, Cause you're all alone.
Chorus.

On the arm of the old arm chair, Every night you could find us there, Having lots of lovin';

Having lots of fun; Before she kissed me she would always put her chewing gum under the arm of the old arm chair, What a
good time we had there. How we used to cuddle,

huddle, huddle, huddle. She said she'd always miss me, then she'd

roll her eyes and kiss me, On the arm, On the arm? On the

arm of the old arm-chair. On the chair.